

## **Closing the Gate: Aftermath** by Nouns and verbs

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**Summary:** Mike, Steve, Dustin, Lucas and Max head back to the Byer's house after attempting to help Eleven close the gate. The only problem is no one knows if it was enough. Takes place right after Eleven closes the gate from Mike's perspective. Rated T for swearing

# 1. Chapter 1

*AN: this is my first ever fanfiction, so it'll mostly be me experimenting and finding what I'm comfortable with as a writer. I decided to write about something that actually happened in the show to keep it simple, but I'll probably expand into my own ideas and stories as time goes on.*

Closing The Gate: Aftermath

## Chapter 1

Mike Wheeler had gone through a roller-coaster of emotions over the past few hours. To be quite honest, He had no idea what was going on most of that time. Being at the lab, escaping the demodogs, and everything that happened at the Byer's house had all really been a blur to him. But he did know one thing for certain: Eleven was alive. The girl he had been calling for almost a year, the girl who saved him and his friends, the girl he knew he loved, was alive. Although he was pissed beyond belief at Hopper for keeping them apart for such a significant amount of time, he didn't even seem to care as long as he got to see her again. After he, Max, Lucas, Dustin and Steve had set the tunnels on fire in attempt to help anyway they could (Much to Steve's dismay), the group decided the best course of action would be to head back to the Byer's. The first half of the car ride back had mostly been silent, except for an occasional cough or sneeze. Steve (who was now behind the wheel) finally broke the silence.

"What the hell are we going to do about your asshole brother?" he said to Max, rather nonchalantly considering what had taken place just a few minutes ago.

Mike had honestly forgotten about Billy, like most other events that night. He could really only remember El. How she saved them a second time. Her face when she saw him. He didn't even notice her new attire, nor did he care. His thoughts were soon interrupted by Max, who groaned loudly.

"I don't give a shit," she said rather bluntly. "Throw him into the quarry for all I care."

While her last statement made the three boys shiver, bringing back unwanted memories, Steve continued on, not noticing their reactions.

"Well we have to do something. We can't just leave him on the floor knocked out," he responded.

"Why not?" joked Dustin. "You can tell Hopper you kicked his ass. He'll probably give you a medal or something."

*Dustin always had a way of lifting tension, Mike thought.*

"Or he'll flip his shit when he sees a random person knocked out after he left me in charge of you shit-heads!"

"Well do you think he won't notice your destroyed face when he sees you? Do I have to remind you he kicked your ass?" Dustin blurted out.

Steve sank into his seat after Dustin's remark, which Mike noticed hurt Dustin just as much as it hurt Steve.

"Sorry," he stated, looking down at his now muddy shoes. He then mentioned something that got Mike's attention.

"Do you think they did it?"

"Did what?" Lucas questioned

"Uh, won the spelling bee," he said, sounding annoyed "Do you think they closed the gate, dumb ass."

"Shut up," was all Lucas could retort.

Mike's face must of finally displayed the panic he had been feeling the entire ride, because Steve, after looking back at the kids in the rear-view mirror, suddenly tried to be as positive as possible.

"I'm bet they did. Why else would the lights have done that?" He offered.

"I hope they did," Mike finally managed to say. His voice was raspy and he didn't sound like himself.

*Am I crying?* He Thought as he looked at his reflection in the window.

*Shit*

His eyes were filled with tears, some already streaming down his face.

Everybody noticed Mike as he wiped his tears with his sleeve. He looked miserable. No one wanted to say anything to him, primarily because they knew nothing they said would help him whatsoever.

*Please be OK. Please for the love of God be OK.*

"And Will?" Dustin Muttered.

Mike honestly hadn't thought about Will yet. He had been so preoccupied with Eleven that he just figured Will was going to be fine. A wave of guilt washed over Mike, causing him to panic even more. He hadn't forgotten about his best friend, had he? The one the promised to go crazy with just a few days ago?

"Listen, they're all OK!" Mike was driven out of his thoughts once again. "They can pull their own. They're all going to come back, and everything's going to be OK!" Steve exclaimed. He was sounding more and more like Hopper every time he opened his mouth. Mike chuckled at the thought of Steve and Hopper being alike in any way, which temporarily distracted him from his pain.

The silence returned. This time, there were no coughs. No sneezes. Just silence. Their conversation had taken up a good chunk of the trip, and after narrowly escaping the pissed off people who's property Max had destroyed on the way over, they were finally nearing the Byer's house. Although everybody had become familiar with the building by now, it almost seemed foreign to the party now. Like they were coming back from a vacation or something. A long vacation. It looked like they beat the others back, which most likely saved them all a reprimand from the adults..

After they all got out of the car, Steve turned to the group with a face that screamed, 'what the hell am I going to Do?'

"I guess I'll just drive him home..." He stated as flat as humanly

possible. Even though Billy was still knocked out, Steve seemed to think he would wake up any second and strangle him to death or something.

Just as he finished his sentence, the group heard a vehicle approaching the house.

"Please don't be Hopper, Please don't be Hopper..." Steve whispered under his breath.

*Please be Hopper, please be Hopper.* Mike screamed in his head. His thoughts started to race. Was it them? Are they OK?

Mike went over about every single scenario imaginable, which caused him to freeze up. *What if they didn't make it? Did those demodogs that ran past Steve and Dustin get to them? What if she used too much energy trying to close the gate?* Mike was terrified. Unfortunately for him, It wasn't Hopper's car that pulled into the driveway. After a few seconds, Mike heard a voice he knew all too well.

"Steve? What the Hell Happened?" Nancy yelled.

"Goddammit," was all he managed to say. "Listen, we had a bit of a problem, and-"

"STEVE SAVED US" Dustin roared.

"Yeah, Totally! It was awesome!" Lucas said, reinforcing Dustin's recap of what happened while the others were gone. "Billy came over looking for Max, and Steve was all like 'hey asshole', then he punched him in the face and it was super bad ass!"

"Who's Billy?" Joyce asked, looking at the redhead about 20 feet in front of her.

"Nobody. He's just my asshole step-brother," Max answered. "Don't worry about him. He's knocked out in the- Is that?"

The group all turned to the car, seeing Jonathan carrying Will towards them all.

"Hey guys," Will said. Despite his answer being as bland as anything,

they didn't need anything else to know it was him. Will was back.

"Byers!" the kids all shouted. They all ran towards him, almost tackling Jonathan.

"Easy, guys. He's still weak," Jonathan stated, obviously still the protective, loving brother he always was.

"Sorry," they all said at once.

"Kinda like deja-vu, isn't it?" Dustin Joked.

"Yeah, I guess," Will managed to say.

"Let's get him inside. He still needs rest," Joyce said, clearly as exhausted as her son. Come to think of it, Jonathan and Nancy both looked like they had been through hell too.

Mike, who was still ecstatic about seeing his best friend back to normal, didn't even notice Steve coming up behind him.

"So, uh Wheeler," he said. "What are we gonna do about-"

"What the hell!" Joyce screamed from inside "Steve!"

"Shit."

*Well, I hope you enjoyed the first chapter! Like I said, this was mostly me experimenting with my own abilities, so these first few chapters are probably going to be pretty short. I'll eventually make them around 3-4,000 words a chapter, but I just need to see if I can do shorter things like this before I start seriously getting down and dirty. The next chapter will probably come out within the next few days, so be ready. The next chapter will involve group waiting for Hopper and El to return, and a very anxious Mike. By the way, please leave constructive criticism. I really want to know how I can improve these so people will want to read them in the future. Anyway, thanks for your time.*

## 2. Chapter 2

*AN: Thank you guys so much for reading the first chapter! I know this sounds cliché, but I honestly didn't expect anyone to read this and like it at all! I saw the comments about my punctuation, and after some research, I think I understand what I was doing wrong. I revised the first chapter, and I'll look over future chapters for mistakes. Thanks so much!*

Closing the Gate: Aftermath

### Chapter 2

"What the hell!" Joyce screamed. "Steve!"

"Shit."

"Steve get the hell in here!" Joyce exclaimed.

"Coming!" he responded. He turned to Mike.

"What the hell am I gonna tell her?" he asked.

*What could they tell her? That Steve was almost beaten to death by Max's insane brother? That they disobeyed the adults and left the house to try and help?*

"I don't know. You'll think of something," said Mike, running his hands through his messy hair.

They walked over to the front door, deep in thought. While Steve was clearly thinking of a way to save his own ass, Mike's thoughts traveled back to El.

*Has it been too long? Should they have gotten home before Joyce and the others?*

They walked inside, and were greeted by a very confused Byer's family. Everything was exactly as they left it, which was a problem. Joyce had gotten used to having her house in shambles, but having a teenage boy knocked out on her living room floor was new.

"Is he dead?" Nancy asked, clearly panicked. She seemed to recognize Billy, but didn't say anything.

"No he's just knocked out," Max said while pointing to the syringe next to her brother's body. "He's fine."

"Oh my God, what happened to you?" Joyce yelled with a terrified expression on her face, pointing to Steve. "Did he do this?"

"Steve protected us from him," Dustin said from the back of the group. "He saved us."

"Are you OK? Do you need a doctor?" she asked, rushing over to Steve to inspect his injuries.

None of the group had paid much attention to Steve's wounds. They had given him an ice pack on the way over to the farm, but not much else. Now that his destroyed face was the center of attention, everybody looked sorry for him. He definitely got his ass kicked, that's for sure.

"I'm fine. Let's just worry about him," Steve said, glancing over at Billy.

"What are we gonna do?" Jonathan asked, Will still in his arms.

"We aren't going to do a thing until Hopper gets back," Joyce stated. "He'll know what to do." She sounded very uncertain, but nobody else in the room had a better idea.

"What if they didn't make it?" said Lucas. The room went silent.

"They made it. We just have to wait for them to get back!" Mike blurted, almost yelling.

All Mike wanted at that moment was to have Eleven back. To be able to hold her, and tell her what she meant to him. He wanted to be able to show her things like he had almost a year ago. For her to live a normal life and do all the things that he does with his friends. He was miserable without her. The past year had been filled with nothing but depression and sadness, and right as he was reunited with her, they were dragged away from each other again. It broke his



heart.

*What if I'll never see her again?*

Mike walked over to the corner of the living room, opposite Billy's body. Even though this was the least populated part of the whole house, Max was still a few feet to his right, leaning against the wall. He couldn't have cared less, though, and he plopped himself down anyway.

Tears started to fill his eyes, and all the memories he shared with El started rushing back into his head. Hiding her in his basement. Escaping the bad-men. Her saving them from the demogorgon.

"I should've gone with them," Mike finally said.

Max seemed to be the only one who heard him.

"Are you kidding? Did you see what she did to that demodog? She's gonna be fine," she said. Even though he still disliked Max, he understood that she was trying to help him.

"I know, it's just," he started. "I can't lose her again."

"I understand why you like her so much. She's like, the coolest person ever," she said with a smile on her face.

Mike froze up for a second. Why had he hated Max so much? She had just been trying to make friends, and he completely shut her out. Truth be told he actually thought she was pretty cool herself. Not nearly as cool as El, but Max was something.

"I'm sorry I've been such an asshole, Max. I-I just missed her so much," he explained, tears running down his now red cheeks. "Really it wasn't you."

"It's OK, Wheeler," she said, staring off into nothing. Mike noticed another smile forming on her face.

Jonathan and Joyce walked out of Will's room, silently closing the door behind them. Nancy and Steve were sitting on the couch, which was now displaced by about 10 feet. Dustin and Lucas leaned against

the wall, discussing all the things that had taken place that night. The next few minutes were the longest of Mike's life. He was terrified. One minute went by. Nothing. Two minutes. Nothing. Three, four, five, six, seven minutes. Still nothing. He had started to lose hope he would ever see her again.

Sometime in the past few minutes, Mike decided to get up and started pacing around the living room.

*Please be OK, please be OK, please be OK.*

He didn't notice Dustin, who was now about 5 inches from his face.

"Jesus, watch where you're going!" he shot, forgetting the reason Mike almost ran him over. "Uh, Sorry. We just think you should do something other than worry for a few minutes." he turned to Joyce and Lucas, who smiled at the two boys.

Dustin showed him an extremely sincere smile as well, which practically forced Mike into accepting their request.

"What do you mean?" he asked. Mike's voice was still shaky, but he didn't care.

"Well, for starters, we can get you cleaned up. Look at you, you look like shit," Dustin joked, still beaming a smile at Mike.

He hadn't even noticed he was covered from head to toe in mud and dirt and whatever the hell was in that tunnel. He followed Dustin over to Joyce, who now had a sponge and a dry towel in her hand.

"Here, honey. You can use the bathroom," she said, almost as cheerful as Dustin.

Mike had been in the Byer's house dozens of times, so he didn't need any directions. He walked over to the door, which was closed. He was still not himself. Not even close. While doing something other than pacing did help his emotions, it wasn't enough to quench the desire to see Eleven.

He turned the knob, and the water started flowing. He ran the sponge through the water for a few seconds, and started to wipe away all the

shit from his arms, legs and face. When he had finished, he felt refreshed. He looked at himself in the mirror, and did his best to fix his hair. By the time he had completed his mini-makeover, he didn't look like he had been crying for the past few hours. He looked pretty normal, actually. He turned off the water, and went back to join the others.

"Better?" Joyce asked.

"Yeah. I guess," He answered, still sounding as depressed as before.

He spotted Max and Lucas out of the corner of his eye, talking. He noticed they were holding hands, which made Mike smile for the first time the entire night. They seemed to really care for each other, he just didn't know if they knew it yet. He chuckled to himself, then went over to Dustin.

"Thanks. For trying to help me," said Mike, almost at a whisper.

"No problem buddy!" He gave Mike a bear hug. "That's what friends are for!"

A distant noise interrupted the two boys. Mike recognized the noise. He had heard it before, and he knew exactly what was making it. He threw Dustin off of him and ran to the front door, with the others following behind him. He practically bust down the front door and ran outside into the darkness. He saw lights in the distance, getting ever closer. Mike could feel his heart stop.

*It's them, it's really them!*

Mike's vision became distorted once again, and he started to panic again. Not because he was afraid, but because he was so excited his emotions started to go all over the place. Before he knew it, Hopper's police car pulled into the Byer's driveway. Nobody spoke. The driver-side door flew open, and out stepped Hopper. Mike sprinted over to him, still in a daze.

"Where is she? Where is El?" Mike questioned, rather aggressively. He recoiled a bit after his question, partially because he was still a little afraid of Hopper.

Hopper motioned with his head to the passenger seat.

"Is she OK?" He asked, tears starting to build up again.

"Yeah, kid. She's just resting. She used up most of her energy trying to close that thing, so-

Mike pushed past Hopper and ran to the other side of the car. He threw the door open, and looked at her. He stared for about 10 seconds, before she turned to look at him. She looked even worse than he had, which shattered his heart.

"M-Mike," she mumbled.

He lunged inside the car, and gave her the most passionate hug he had ever given anyone in his life. He didn't want to let go. He wanted to hold her in his arms for the rest of his life. After 353 days (and being teased with each other a few hours prior), they were finally together. It felt like Mike had gotten a part of himself back. He could be happy again. Their second reunion of the night was cut short by Hopper, who was now behind the two.

"Easy, kid. She's still pretty weak," he said.

Mike backed away from El, so Hopper could lift her up. After she was in his arms, the duo walked towards the others.

Mike couldn't take his eyes off of her. Even when she looked like she had been hit by a train, she was still the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. He was ecstatic at the thought of being with her again. He wanted nothing more than to be at her side, and no matter what Hopper said, he was going to be with her. He wasn't planning on getting any sleep, and that didn't bother him one bit.

*So that's the second chapter! I hope I fixed my grammar and punctuation enough so it isn't distracting. If there is anything that you found annoying in any of my stories, please don't be afraid to tell me. I really want to be able to write at a level that keeps people interested in my projects. I honestly have no idea how long this story is going to end up being, or how far I want to stray from the source material, so please leave any suggestions as well. Anyway, I'll stop boring you.*

### **3. Update**

For anyone keeping up with this story, I'd just like to say thank you so much for spending time to read my fic. It really means a lot to me. I haven't been able to work on the next chapter at all due to school. I just got done with midterms, and I have like 3 projects due in the next week. I'll try my best to get the next chapter out sometime soon, but I can't set a date. Thank you for understanding.